GOD.

POEM BY DERZHAVIN, A RUSSIAN POET—BORN 1763.

[Derzhavin, after serving some time the army, was made Councilor of State, Ambassador of Senate, President of the College of Commerce, Public Cashier, and in 1802, Minister of Justice. The poem on 'God,' by this author, has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. It was translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Pekin.]

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.
Being above all beings! mighty one!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fillest existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all—supporting, ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but God, for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsel, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence, Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty, thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shall be glorious, great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautiful mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee!
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise!

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss;
What shall we call them, piles of crystal light!
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright!
Suns, lightening systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee,
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then? Naught!

Naught! but the effluence of thy light divine
Pervading worlds hath reached my bosom too:
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward thy presence; for thee
I live and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity!
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art—directing, guiding all—thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am sometimes fashioned by thy hand,
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth.
On the last verge of mortal being stand
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me:
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit-deity!
I can command the lightning and am dust;
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god;
Whence came I here, and how? So marvelously
Constructed and conceived—unknown. This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good;
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord;
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring,
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere
Even to its source, to thee, its author, there.

Oh, thought ineffable! Oh, vision blest!
(Though worthless our conceptions all of thee),
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy deity,
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, being wise and good!
'Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquant no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

"OUT OF BONDAGE."

Frederick Douglass Tells the Story of His Escape from Slavery.

In the forthcoming number of the Century Magazine Frederick Douglass, for the first time, relates the story of his escape from bondage. Nearly fifty years ago, when the flight was made, it was the custom in the State of Maryland to require all free colored people to be provided with "free papers," without which they were not permitted to travel. A description of the person was given in these papers, and the person was examined very rigidly to make good his identity. A slave answering the general description would sometimes borrow or hire his papers from a free negro, but this was a critical thing to do and often resulted disastrously to both the owner and the borrower. Douglass answered no description papers he had seen, so that plan could not be adopted in his case. He had a friend—a sailor—who was provided with certain government papers that had at least an official look. Baltimore was his starting point. He arranged with a friendly hackman to take him to the station, and arriving there himself just in time to jump aboard the train, hoping in the confusion attending its departure to avoid exciting suspicion. The story is best told in Douglass' own language:

"In my clothing I was rigged out in sailor style. I had on a red shirt and a tarpaulin hat, and a black cravat tied in a sailor fashion carelessly and loosely about my neck. My knowledge of ships and sailor's talk came much to my assistance, for I knew a ship from stem to stern and from keelson to cross-trees, and could talk sailor like an 'old salt.' I was well on the way to Havre de Grace before the conductor came into the negro car to collect tickets and examine the papers of his black passengers. This was a critical moment in the drama. My whole future depended upon the decision of this conductor. Agitated though I was while this ceremony was proceeding, still, externally at least, I was apparently calm and self-possessed. He went on with his duty, examining several colored passengers before reaching me. He was somewhat harsh in tone and peremptory in manner until he reached me, when, strange enough, and to my surprise and relief, his whole manner changed. Seeing that I did not readily produce my free papers, as the other colored persons in the car had done, he said to me, in a friendly contrast with his bearing toward the others;"

"I suppose you have your free papers?"

To which I answered:

"No, sir; I never carry my free papers to sea with me."

"But you have something to show that you are a freeman, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "I have a paper with the American Eagle on it, and that will carry me around the world."

At Havre de Grace he met a young colored man whom he knew, and who seemed curious to find out his business so far away from home. He got rid of this difficulty only to encounter another. At the window of a train standing on a side-track directly opposite the one he was in sat a man for whom he had just been working at Baltimore. By good luck the man did not turn around, so he was undiscovered. On reaching Philadelphia he inquired the way to the New York trains, and arrived there on the 4th of September, 1838, a free man. But his troubles were not over. In New York he found that it was hard to find a trustworthy man even of his own race. Large premiums were offered for the return of runaway slaves, and few of the miserable darkies in the city could withstand the temptation to betray a brother. For days Douglass wandered homeless and hungry through the streets. Finally he found a good Samaritan who directed him to the house of David Ruggles, one of the officers of the Underground Railroad, who lived on the corner of Church and Lispenard streets. There the poor runaway was hidden for several days, and there he was joined by his intended wife, a free woman from Baltimore, and they were married by a Presbyterian minister. From New York the newly-married couple went to New Bedford, Mass., where their free life began in earnest. It was in New Bedford that Douglass, on the advice of a colored friend, changed the name given him at birth to the one he now bears. Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey was his original name. His friend, having just read 'The Lady of the Lake," suggested, indeed insisted, upon Douglass as the new surname, and Douglass it was made.

Egyptian Mechanics.

R. G. Pole, in Contemporary Review.

The height of the Great Pyramid the tomb of Khuru, of Cheops, of the fourth dynasty, was originally 480 feet 9 inches, and the base 764 feet. It is virtually a mass of solid masonry, for the rock must take up but a small proportion of the interior, and passages have no appreciable relation to the whole bulk. The material chiefly employed is the limestone on which the structure stands, which was in part cleared away to make a level platform; but the finer quality, used for the casting and lining of passages, was quarried on the other side of the river, nearly, ten miles away; and the red granite also used for inner casing and for the sarcophagus, was quarried at Syene, at the extreme south of Egypt, nearly 550 miles away by the course of the river. We must remember that the Third Pyramid, now 203 feet high, was cased in part, or wholly, with granite from Syene. How did the Egyptians contrive to transport and raise these vast blocks of stone. Let us look at the whole process. First, the labor of quarrying without any of the modern aids of blasting, must have been enormous, especially when the hard red granite, which turns the edges of our modern steel tools, and yet was cut by bronze ones, had to be hewn out and shaped into accurate blocks. The transport to the river was not difficult and the descent on rafts during the high Nile would have met no risks except from sand-banks. At this period of the year the rafts would have been brought by a canal very near the site of the period. A causeway, of which there are remains, would have made the land transport less difficult. But it must be remembered that the only mode of moving great masses on land was by means of sledges drawn by men or oxen. So far we see only a vast expenditure of unaided labor; how vast we do not appreciate, for it is beyond imagination to master the tremendous work; we are constantly confused by our being unable to cast away the modern notions of facility to which we are accustomed. All this preliminary work was followed by the actual work of building. The Great Pyramid is not a mass of piled-up stones; it is a model of constructive skill. A sheet of paper cannot be placed between the casing stones and we can scarcely imagine that any mortar was spread on their sides. The passages present no roughness that could arrest the sarcophagus. Everything was exquisitely finished. Allowance was made for the pressure of vast mass. The great chamber of the sarcophagus has no less than five small chambers above it to lighten the superincumbent weight; over the entrance of the first passage two great stones are placed in a vaulted position for the same purpose. In consequence nothing has given way. Our real dimculty begins when we endeavor to explain any model by which the great blocks of which the pyramid is built were placed in position at their various heights until the top stone was put upon the summit, and the work of casing completed the wonder. It would be easy to find a method if it did not entail as much labor as the building of the pyramid itself. Rejecting any such view the most reasonable conjecture that can be offered is that inclined planes ran along the sides of the giant steps in which the pyramid was built, and that the stones were dragged up them by the workmen. It is necessary here to note then when the mummy of the King had been placed in the sepulchral chamber, the entrance passage was permanently closed, and heavy portcullises lowered at intervals; this needing great mechanical skill. The chapel attached to each pyramid for the sepulchral rites was built at a suitable distance in front of it, contrary to the practice in the tombs of subjects around, in which the chapel was constructed in the mass of the masonry, or hewn in the rock. The final closing of every pyramid, which was the universal custom, is an important fact, which is in itself enough to disprove a scientific heresy, according to which deep secrets were concealed in the heart of the Great Pyramid for the enlightment of remote generations. Prof Piazzi Smyth does not consider the red granite sarcophagus a royal coffin, like every other sarcophagus in Egypt, but a divinely appointed sacred standard, connecting the ancient measures with for instance, the English inch. Yet more here, and in other parts of the pyramid he fancies that he sees the indications of profound astronomical truths, which were unknown to the old Egyptians. This phantasy has been pushed to the length of making the pyramid, not alone a record of an ancient mith, but a stone prophecy on the ages to come. An Egyptologist may ridicule a theory which destroys the whole value of his labors; a logician may protest against the selection of one pyramid on which to found a hypothesis and the rejection of all others, and the choice of measurements which best suit the evolution of the fancies of the speculator; but the true answer can only be given by good mathematicians. They can explain the reasons of the proportions which have been interpreted away from their original purpose, and show how easy it is to prove anything to the uninitiated by those "dangerous playthings," numbers which at last deceive the theorist himself. Sir Henry James, Royal Engineer, and Prof. Wackerbarth, of Upsala, have thus abundantly refuted the extraordinary fancies of Prof. Piazzi Smyth.

What Volcanoes are Not.

Popular Science Monthly for November.

"What is a volcano?" This is a familiar question, often addressed to us in our youth, which "Catechisms of Universal Knowledge" and similar school manuals have taught us to reply to in some such terms as the following: "A volcano is a burning mountain, from the summit of which issue smoke and flames." This description, says Prof. Judd, is not merely incomplete and inadequate as a whole, but each individual proposition of which it is made up is grossly inadequate and, what is worse, perversely misleading. In the first place, the action which takes place at volcanoes is not "burning," or combustion, and bears, indeed, no relation whatever to that well known process. Nor are volcanoes necessarily "mountains" at all; essentially they are just the reverse—namely, holes in the earth's crust, or outer portion, by means of which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. When mountains do exist at centers of volcanic activity, they are simply the heaps of materials thrown out of these holes, and must, therefore, be regarded not as the causes but as the consequences of volcanic action. Neither does this action always take place at the "summits" of volcanic mountains when such exist, for eruptions occur quite as frequently on their sides or at their base. That, too, which popular fancy regards as "smoke" is really condensing steam or water vapor, and the supposed raging "flames" are nothing more than the glowing light of a mass of molten material reflected from these vapor-clouds. The name of volcano has been borrowed from the mountain Vulcano, in the Lipari Islands, where the ancients believed that Hephæstus, or Vulcan, had his forge. Volcanic phenomena have been at all times regarded with a superstitious awe, which has resulted in the generation of such myths as the one just mentioned, or of that in which Etna was said to have been formed by the mountains under which an angry god had buried the rebellious Typhon. These stories changed their form, but not their essence, under a Christian dispensation, and Vulcano became regarded as the place of punishment of the Arian Emperor Theodosius, and Etna as that of Anne Boleyn, who had sinned by perverting the faith of King Henry VIII.

What it Costs.

Dr. Richard Newton.

A gentleman was walking in Regent's Park, in London, and he met a man whose only home was in the poor-house. He had come out to take the air, and excited the gentleman's interested attention.

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, getting into conversation; "it is a pity that a man like you should be situated where you are. Now may I ask how old you are?"

The man said he was eighty years old.

"Had you any trade before you became peniless?"

"Yes, I was a carpenter."

"Did you use intoxicating drink?"

"No, O no; I only took my beer; never anything stronger; nothing but my beer."

"How much did your beer come to a day?"

"O, a sixpence a day, I suppose."

"For how long a time?"

"Well, I suppose for sixty years."

The gentleman had taken out his notebook, and he continued figuring with his pencil while he went on talking with the man.

"Now, let me tell you," said he, as he finished his calculations, "how much that beer cost you, my man. You can go over the figures yourself."

And the gentleman demonstrated that the money, a sixpence a day for sixty years, expended in beer, would, if it had been saved and placed at interest, have yielded him nearly $800 a year, or an income of $15 a week for self-support.

"Let me tell you how much a gallon of whisky costs," said a judge, after trying a case. One gallon of whisky made two men murderers; it made two wives widows; and made eight children orphans."

O! its a costly thing.

Talking Birds.

Parrots, starlings and jackdaws are not the only birds that "talk." Birds not possessed of active power of melody are usually gifted with varied abilities of articulation. A hooded crow, for instance, can produce an astonishing variety of complex noises from his throat, and his talents only lack cultivation to enable him to give utterance to words, but his natural language is the very reverse of melodious, and cannot in any sense be considered as a song. I have known a hooded crow to say "papa" with great correctness, and what is more remarkable, he invariably applied the name to its proper owner—not the hoodie's papa but his master's. The starling talks very roughly indeed to his fellows, but he is one of the best mimics we have, imitating the notes of other birds, and even the human voice, with great accuracy. Magpies also can be taught to articulate with a tolerable degree of accuracy. The mocking bird, too, so well known in some parts of the United States, has no natural melody of his own, but he contrives to copy, in a most faithful manner, the songs of nearly all his feathered neighbors. Curiously enough, the only cases I have known of talking canaries have occurred in the west of England, but I am not able to draw any conclusion of value from that circumstance. It may be a coincidence, or there may possibly be certain families settled in the western country, whose peculiar gift is to imitate, with a fair amount of accuracy, the various intonations of the human voice. A canary, which was owned by a lady in Weston-super-Mare, was accustomed to hear its mistress, an invalid, say, on conclusion of its song, "Oh, beauty! beauty! Sing that over again!" These words the bird picked up, and was soon able to repeat, but its education made no further progress, and no additional words were acquired. The short sentence was never uttered, save after a brilliant burst of song. It is wholly incorrect to suppose that no meaning is ever attached by talking birds to such words or short sentences as they may be able to pronounce. The well-known case of the Edinburgh parrot, whose singular accomplishments have already been noticed in more than one periodical, has settled the question once and forever. So far was this clever bird above "mere parrot talk" that he rarely spoke a word that had not direct relation to surrounding objects or events. A strange dog introduced into the room was greeted with loud cries of "Put him out! Put him out! I'm so frightened!" Clergymen attending his numerous levees were politely requested to "Gie oot the Psalm!" and, as this by itself would savor somewhat of habitual irreverence on Poll's part, it is only fair to add that he was very particular at meal times in telling the assembled family to "Say grace first!"

On Translating Greek.

The British' Quarterly.

In transiating from Greek into English there is always this difficulty to encounter, that, from the very large proportion of Roman words in our language we are compelled to render the Greek by at least half the number of Latin equivalents. Now no two languages can be more unlike, both in structure and idiom, than Greek and Latin. In these respects English comes far nearer to Greek than Latin does; and it is just because the genius of the Latin language differs so widely from that of our own that Latin is the more difficult language to learn. It is possible, no doubt, to use a much larger proportion of Saxon words, but this is to seek for equivalents to the most polished of languages from the scanty vocabulary of a semi-barbaric dialect. What now passes as the most sonorous and effective English prose is that mainly based on the language and the periods of Cicero, and not that of Ælfric's Saxon homilies. To translate Thucydides well is, on this ground alone, to say nothing of the many and great perplexities about readings and meanings, an extremely difficult task. Decidedly, it is a work requiring the highest intellect as well as the most accurate and extensive Greek scholarship.

Another Youthful Train Robber.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

It was night.

Night in Arkansas.

It was night in several other States as well, but Arkansas is the one with which we have to deal at this writing.

It being our turn to deal.

A lightning express train was booming along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Every car was full, many standing in the aisles with that meekness and patience only seen on an American railroad, to accommodate the fellow who wants four seats all to himself.

The lamps blazed fitfully over the passengers' dusters, which seemed to fit fully as well as traveling dusters usually do.

The conductor had passed through (which was more than he would allow any one else to do without the requisite pass); punching people into wakefulness in order that he might punch their tickets.

The train boy had filled the passengers' laps with books, to keep them from bouncing in their seats while going over rough places.

A brakeman had put his head in and shouted, "The next stopping place is ——," the name of the station being lost in the slamming of the car door.

The boy who is always dry had made his fifty-second pilgrimage to the water tank.

And the woman who wants air had just torn off her last remaining finger nail in trying to get her window up.

This was on a railroad in the State of Arkansas.

Suddenly the car door opens.

A youthful figure appears, holding something in his hand upon which the light glitters. He presents it in a significant manner and cries:

"Now, gentlemen, your money—"

Fifty men turn pale and cry, "Don't shoot."

Twenty females scream with one voice and some faint.

There is a hasty thrusting of watches and pocket books beneath cushions and into boots.

Women unfasten their jewelry and slip it into secret places where no robber who is anything of a gentleman would think of exploring.

Strong men fight for a place under the seats where they can secrete themselves.

"Gentlemen," again cries the boyish voice, ringing high and clear above the screams of women and the din of the train, (gasps for mercy from some of the men,) "let me sell you some of this excellent tropical fruit," and he extends in his dexterous hand—a banana.

It was the train boy, pursuing his useful and harmless vocation.

The Grandest of Volcanic Action.

Macmillan's Magazine.

The last section of our ride through the Yellowstone region proved to be, in a geological sense, one of the most interesting parts of the whole journey. We found that the older trachytic lavas of the hills had been deeply trenched by lateral valleys, and that all these valleys had a floor of the black basalt that had been poured out as the last of the molten materials from the now extinct volcanoes. There were no visible cones or vents from which these floods of basalt could have proceeded. We rode for hours by the margin of a vast plain of basalt, stretching southward and westward as far as the eye could reach. It seemed as if the plain had been once a great lake or sea of molten rock, which surged along the base of the hills, entering every valley, and leaving there a solid floor of bare black stone. We camped on this basalt plain, near some springs of clear cold water which rise close to its edge. Wandering over the bare hummocks of rock, on many of which not a vestige of vegetation had yet taken root, I realized with vividness the truth of an assertion made first by Richthofen, but very generally neglected by geologists, that our modern volcanoes, such as Vesuvius or Etna, present us with by no means the grandest type of volcanic action, but rather belong to a time of failing activity. There have been periods of tremendous volcanic energy, when, instead of escaping from a local vent, like a Vesuvian cone, the lava has found its way to the surface by innumerable fissures opened for it in the solid crust of the globe over thousands of square miles. I felt that the structure of this and the other volcanic plains of the far West furnish the true key to the history of the basaltic plateaus of Ireland and Scotland, which had been an enigma to me for many years.

DRESSING FOR COLD MEAT.—Yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls French mustard, one tablespoonful black pepper, one-half teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful white sugar, one-half teacupful cider vinegar, and stir over the fire till about the thickness of cream. Add the other ingredients, stiring all the time till smooth and thick. Let it cool, and serve cold with slices of cold meat. It is also a nice dressing for raw cabbage or salad.

Favors of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

Church Union.

Rock a bye, baby, in the tree-top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall;
Down tumbles baby, and cradle, and all.

Rock a bye, baby; the meadow 's in bloom;
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room;
Echo the birds with your own baby tune;
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock a bye baby; as softly it swings,
Over thy cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding and cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone!

Rock a bye, baby, as cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depth of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet as the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock a bye, baby; the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair—
Sleep, little baby, there's a cloud in the air.

Rock a bye, baby; the blue eyes will burn
And ache with that pain which your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock a bye, baby; there's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away;
Days, when its song will be changed to a moan;
Crosses, that baby must bear all alone.

Rock a bye, baby; the meadow's in bloom;
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom,
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen;
Rock a bye, baby; "thy cradle is green."

"Wanted---A Boy!"

"WANTED—A boy to run errands and make himself generally useful."

Mr. Peppergrass came out, with his cap on the back of his head and his spectacles pushed high up on his forehead, to wafer this notice on the side of his store. And five minutes afterwards (it might have been less, or it might have been more) a crowd of eager little lads assembled around it, standing on tip toe to read every word.

Johnny Jarvis had just been discharged from his place as cash-boy in a dry goods store, because business was dull and customers few.

He was a fine, tall boy of twelve, with bright black eyes and a laughing mouth, and he didn't at all like having nothing to do.

Charlie Warner wanted a situation because there were a good many little Warners, and nothing to feed them with since their father died.

Louis Brown had been out of regular employment every since the china factory closed in the fall.

For these little fellows belonged to the innumerrble army of boys who cannot play and enjoy the bright hours as they go up, but must work and drudge, and count every day lost that does not bring in its corresponding wages.

Children did you ever think how hard the world was on these poor little toilers?

It was not long before Mr. Peppergrass' store was full of boys who wanted to "run errands and make themselves generally useful."

Big boys and little boys, tall boys and short boys, and well dressed boys and shabby boys — boys who leaned up against the flour and potato barrels, as if they had left their backbones at home; boys who stood straight up—boys who took off their caps, and boys who kept them on. And still they kept coming.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Peppergrass, "this will do!"

So he took down the notice and bolted the store door.

"Now, I will proceed to business," said Mr. Peppergrass, rumpling up his hair and adjusting his spectacles so as to make his keen, gray eyes sharper than ever.

A few penetrating glances, half a dozen questions, and the number of boys was speedily reduced to our three little friends—Johnny Jarvis, Charlie Warner and Louis Brown.

They were all three willing and anxious to work; all three brought good recommendations, had honest faces, wanted to enter on the situation at once, and wrote a neat, round hand.

"Humph! humph!" said Mr. Peppergrass, with his hands locked under his coat-tails behind. "There's three of you, and I can't find work for three boys!"

The little lads said never a word, but looked eagerly at the grocer, each one hoping that he might be the boy selected "to run errands and make himself generally useful."

Mr. Peppergrass stared hard at the spice-boxes and preserve bottle in the window, frowning at the cracker-boxes and finally made up his mind.

"Brown!" said he.

"Sir!" said Louis Brown.

"I'll try you on a few sums. I want my boy to understand the first principles of arithmetic!"

"I am good at figures, sir!" cried Louis.

"Are you?" said Mr. Peppergrass. Very well, I'll give you a trial."

He wrote down a labyrinth of figures on a slate, and then opened the door of a little room which communicated with the store.

"Sit down here, Brown, and work out these sums," said he. "I'll come to you in a few minutes."

Johnny Jarvis and Charlie Warner looked blankly at each other, then at the grocer.

"Please, sir, what are we to do?" said they.

"You are to wait," said Mr. Peppergrass, shortly. Your turns will come in due time."

The sums were not especially hard, and Louis Brown was quick at figures. He soon dispatched his task and began to look around.

It was a stuffy, close-smelling little room, with one window close up to the ceiling, and a curious, old-fashioned book-case or desk, with glass doors, lined with faded red silk, in the corner.

"I do wonder what Mr. Peppergrass keeps there?" said Louis to himself; and after he had wondered a little while, he got up and went softly toward the desk "The key is in the hole," said he; there can't be any harm in looking. Perhaps there are story books—or maybe curious shells and stones—or—"

As these thoughts crossed his mind he opened the silk-lined door. Buz z z—whew! out flew a beautiful pearl colored dove.

Louis stood aghast. In vain were his endeavors to capture the little creature. It fluttered from the top of the book-case to a pile of boxes beyond, and to the top molding of the window, as if it enjoyed the chase; and in the midst of it all, in came Mr. Peppergrass.

"Eh? What?" said he. "How did this happen?"

"Please, sir," said Louis; hanging his head, "the bird got out, and I was trying to catch it."

"Got out, did it?" said Mr. Peppergrass. "It must be a very ingenious bird to be able to open the desk from the outside! You may go, boy. I am quite certain that you won't suit me. I don't approve of meddlers."

So saying, he opened a door which led directly out into the back street, and dismissed poor Louis Brown without further ceremony.

"Now, Pearlie," said he to the little dove, who was perched on his shoulder at once, "you can go back to your nest. You have helped me out of the difficulty this time."

So he let the little creature fly out into the yard where it belonged.

Charlie Warner was the next one ushered into the stuffy smelling room. He, too, speedily finished his sums, and began to look around him for something to occupy his attention.

"Oh, my! What a lot of boxes," said he, "piled up one above another, like a Tower of Babel! What can Mr. Peppergrass keep in all of them?"

Charlie listened. No advancing footsteps were near. He looked cautiously about him, but he saw nothing. Then he rose from his chair, and crept toward the mysterious pile of boxes. They were of all shapes, rather small, and fitted with loose, wooden covers.

Charlie lifted the lid of one. It was full of English walnuts.

"Hello!" thought Charlie. "I'm in luck! Old Peppergrass will never miss two or three of these," and he pocketed a handful.

The next box was full of beautiful Malaga raisins. Charlie nipped two or three bloomy, wrinkled fellows off the stem, and ate them. He was fond of raisins.

"What next?" he said, tugging at the covers of the third box, which seemed to fit a little closer.

All of a sudden, however, it flew off with a jerk, filling the air with cayenne pepper, and setting poor Charlie to sneezing as if he meant to sneeze his head off.

Mr. Peppergrass bustled in.

"Ah," said he. "I see! But you needn't have been in such a hurry to examine my stock, young man. I haven't engaged you yet, and I don't intend to."

And poor Charlie sneaked away through the back door, which Mr. Peppergrass held politely open for him, feeling that his curiosity had ruined his cause.

It was some time before the Cayenne pepper was sufficiently cleared from the atmosphere for Johnny Jarvis to take his turn at the sums in decimal fractions, but he worked them patiently out, and sat looking around him, as the others had done. But he was too honorable to dream of meddling. He, too, wondered what was in the boxes, but he didn't do anything more than wonder. He heard a mysterious rustling behind the faded silk doors of the book-case, where Mr. Peppergrass had shut up his pet kitten, but he never thought of opening it to see what it all meant.

He saw a glass jar of mixed candies on the mantle (sly Mr. Peppergrass had counted every one, besides covering it with a dusty lid, so that the least finger-mark would have been quite visible), but he sat there quite still until Mr. Peppergrass bounced into the room.

The old grocer looked at the candy jar, he glanced at the unmolested boxes, and opening the desk, saw the kitten fast asleep in the corner.

"Ah!" said Mr. Peppergrass, with a long breath. "Yes, exactly! You are the boy I want. Come right back into the store, and I'll set you to work weighing out tea and coffee."

And that was the way Mr. Peppergrass suited himself with a boy.

Jamie is a bad boy, and last week he asked his teacher this connundrum: "Why am I like a nail?" Receiving no reply, he volunteered this answer: "Because I am so often driven home." He was immediately sent to the maternal bosom with a note intimating that he had better be sent to learn a trade, for it was impossible to hammer anything into his head at school.

A number of little boys and girls were playing on one of our streets, and quarreled, when one of the party, a little girl, ran to the home of a boy to complain of him for using "profane language." The boy's mother was very much surprised and could not be persuaded her boy was guilty, and on insisting on the words, the little complainant, with offended pride, said he bid her "Get away, you jackass."

Cincinnati has a "New Widow's Home." This is more to be dreaded than a home devoted to old widows still, both are dangerous.